

TRIBUTE TO THE U.S. OCEANOGRAPHIC RESEARCH VESSEL, "ATLANTIS"

HON. JERRY LEWIS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 1997

Mr. LEWIS of California. Mr. Speaker, several weeks ago our Nation's Capital was blessed with the arrival of the U.S. Oceanographic Research Vessel, *Atlantis*. Operated by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute of Massachusetts and brought to Washington, DC, in conjunction with the Office of Naval Research, the 288-foot *Atlantis* docked in Old Town Alexandria prior to leaving on a 2-year global research mission.

The *Atlantis* was built by the U.S. Navy and launched recently in Pascagoula, MS, at a christening ceremony including Members of the House, the Senate, and the administration. The *Atlantis* will be operated by Woods Hole, an outstanding institution that has been a leader in ocean science and research for nearly 70 years. Over the years, the findings of Woods Hole have benefited the United States and the world. Much of this work involves basic research sponsored by a number of Federal departments and agencies including the National Science Foundation, the Department of Commerce, and the Environmental Protection Agency.

The results of the work of Woods Hole is far reaching and vital to our future affecting food production, earthquake and storm predicting, agriculture, medicine, and even our own national defense. This work is also critical to unlocking the mysteries that lie beneath the surface of the world's oceans which comprise two-thirds of the Earth's surface.

Mr. Speaker, the recent arrival of the *Atlantis* in our Nation's Capital served as a reminder of the importance of scientific research which is critical to our national economy and world leadership. I commend the leadership of the Department of Defense and the U.S. Navy for their continued work in this area and urge my colleagues to continue to support the fine work of both the *Atlantis* and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute.

MY GOOD FRIEND HOMER C. JONES—GET WELL SOON

HON. GLENN POSHARD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 1997

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor an outstanding man, Homer C. Jones. Homer is currently in the hospital and I would like to wish him well and introduce this fine man to my colleagues and the rest of the country. He is a dedicated man who has always helped his fellow neighbors and contributed a great deal to his community.

Homer was born in Galatia, IL, on July 30, 1908; his 90th birthday is just around the corner. He considers Benton, IL, his home, and besides his numerous volunteer efforts he served on the building commission for nearly 30 years. Homer is a well-rounded man, having won his division as a Golden Gloves boxer in 1925, and graduated from the Mohler Bar-

ber College in St. Louis. He then returned to Benton and started his career as a barber and is still giving people great haircuts today.

In 1928, he married his first wife, Helen Fisher, and they had two children, Kenneth and Richard. Sadly, Helen was stricken with cancer and passed away after several years of marriage. In 1969, Homer met Vorsa Henly of West Frankfort, IL, fell in love, and they have been a happily married couple ever since. They have been able to share the joy of raising her two daughters Becky Cook and Leslie Higginson.

As an active resident of Benton, Homer has held many elected offices, including precinct committeeman for four terms, president of the Lions Club for four terms, a former Elk Club and Moose Club member, and chairman of the Franklin County Zoning Board. He organized the first stock club in Benton, was elected for 36 years to the Benton Community Center Board, and is also a dedicated 60-year member of the First Baptist Church of Benton.

Mr. Speaker, as you can see, Homer has dedicated his life to serving his community. Now it is our turn to thank Homer for all of the energy and love he expended for so many years to make Benton, IL, a better place. Homer, I will be praying for your recovery and wish you well. It has been an honor to represent you in the U.S. Congress.

TRIBUTE TO FRED FARR

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 1997

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, a few days ago our colleague Sam Farr of California experienced the loss of his father, former State Senator Fred Farr, who passed away at the age of 86. Fred Farr was widely revered as an effective, compassionate leader who fought to improve the lives of Californians from all walks of life through his work in the State Legislature. Fred Farr's greatness emanated from his goodness and he will be sorely missed by those who knew him and benefited from his efforts.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring the life of Fred Farr, and extending our deepest condolences to his son and all his family, and request that the article from the San Jose Mercury News be included in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

At this time, I recall the poet's words . . . "and so he passed on and all the trumpets sounded on the other side."

[From San Jose Mercury News, June 11, 1997]

FRED FARR WAS GREAT MAN AND WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE

(By Lee Quarnstrom)

When my friend John Riley heard that former state Sen. Fred Farr had died Tuesday at the age of 86, he said, "Well, he won't be going to a better place, because Monterey is already paradise."

John, who was once Fred Farr's neighbor in Carmel, wasn't being facetious. He was, in fact, expressing in his own way his admiration for the man who represented the Monterey Bay region in the California Senate and whose son, Sam, now represents us in the Congress.

Let me get this on the record right now: Fred Farr was a great man.

For a tiny portion of this state, the Monterey Bay area has sent some remarkable people to the capitals of California and the United States. Fred Farr was among the best of them.

My first encounter with him was during a special election more than a quarter century ago. I was a reporter for the Watsonville Register Pajaronian, and Farr, who had been redistricted out of the state Senate, was seeking an Assembly seat that had opened up because the incumbent had died in a traffic accident.

As we motored along Highway 1 somewhere north of Castroville, where he was scheduled to give a stump speech and shake the voters' hands, Farr looked out across a field of row crops and softly told me, "There's what I'm proudest of, of all the things I did in the Legislature."

I asked him what he meant. He explained that he had written the legislation that mandates that sufficient number of portable toilets must be put in the fields when the farmhands who plant and tend and harvest the crops are working.

Before his bill, farm workers had to squat between rows of lettuce or cauliflower—or whatever—when nature called. His bill, he proudly told me, give those men and women who pick our food "some privacy and dignity when they have to relieve themselves."

"What a great man!" I said to myself. And I meant it.

Fred Farr did many things for many people. He saved the Coast Highway through Big Sur when the state Department of Transportation wanted to turn Highway 1 into a multilane freeway—a deed for which each of us should be eternally grateful.

He helped preserve the stone tower and home of the late and great Carmel poet, Robinson Jeffers. He was a founder of the Tor House Foundation, which helped raise funds so that Jeffers' heirs would not have to sell the house when they needed cash to live on. He was a stalwart liberal during the darkness of the McCarthy era and took stands that caused some Americans to be labeled as Communists.

The last time I saw Farr was when he invited me to lunch in Carmel a few years ago. After our meal he walked me to my car, where I discovered I had a flat tire. He drove me to his gas station and politely asked the mechanic whether he could solve my problem expeditiously. He was not demanding service as a former bigwig, he asked for the mechanic's help simply as the gentleman that he was.

His son Sam told me Tuesday that as his father lay dying, people came to his hospital room not only to pay tribute to Fred Farr, but to touch him, the way people touch those who possess great good souls or notable celebrity.

If there is place where good souls go after the body dies, it will no doubt be more beautiful and probably less crowded than the Monterey Peninsula. If that place exists, Fred Farr will grace it no less than he graced this region he called home and where he died.

HONORING JUDGE ROBERT KURTZ RODIBAUGH

HON. TIM ROEMER

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 1997

Mr. ROEMER. Mr. Speaker, it is a great honor to rise today in appreciation of Judge Robert Kurtz Rodibaugh, the senior bankruptcy judge for the South Bend Division of